



I don't know yet



👁 6 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Ace

Bryson Abbott looked at the old ring in his hands and felt remorseful.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his cloudy surroundings. He had always hated rainy, Seattle Washington with its tall buildings and it's rainy days. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel depressed.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Amethyst Rockwell holding an umbrella. Amethyst was a beautiful girls with freckles, silvery grey hair and green eyes.

Bryson gulped. He glanced at his own reflection in the dripping window. He was a lively, 6 foot, tea drinker with shaggy brown hair and blue eyes. His friends saw him as a graceful giant.

But not even a lively person, was prepared for what Amethyst had in store today.

The rain hammered like brawling cats, making Bryson anxious.

As Bryson stepped outside and Amethyst came closer, he could see the cold glint in her eye.

Amethyst gazed with the affection of a grandmother. She said, in hushed tones, "I'm so sorry Bryson."

Bryson looked back, even more depressed and still fingering the old ring. "Amethyst, I love you," he replied

They looked at each other with c See more of Story Wars full, rabbits running in fear of a vicious dog.

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Bryson studied Amethyst's silver hair and green eyes. Eventually, he took a deep breath. "I'm sorry," began Bryson in apologetic tones, "I don't know what has happened to me, these past few days have made me appreciate life even more. I mean, we could all die tomorrow for god's sake, and if I didn't ever tell you how I feel, I could never forgive myself."

Amethyst looked confused, but also ecstatic.

Bryson could actually hear Amethyst's emotions shatter into 9040 pieces. Then the beautiful figure hurried toward Bryson and he felt her lips press against his. They stood there like that for five minutes. Finally, Amethyst pulled away and looked up at Bryson. He smiled at her, but she did not smile back.

She just looked at him and said "I need to tell you something."

Not even a cup of tea would calm Bryson's nerves tonight.

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